

Underneath the Pines

It was long ago, but I can still remember
One afternoon when we were four or five
Flat on our backs, we looked up through the branches
Overhead, underneath a pine

And that old tree was thicker than a barrel
But in the wind, how it would bend and sway
And we would stare straight up the trunk together
Pine trees look so tall that way

And nothing felt so fine before
As sleeping on that piney floor
No troubled dreams would cross our minds
Lying there underneath the pines

I hear the wind that whispers through the branches
A red squirrel scolds and chatters overhead
And once again, the smell of sweet pine needles
Rises from my forest bed

The shades of brown and green and blue
With rays of sunlight passing through
The changing shadows' grey designs
Gently sway underneath the pines

The hoot owl calls and out across the water
The silver pathway of the rising moon
And far away a flock of geese are calling
Oh, I must be leaving soon

One parting look is all I'll take
The field, the forest, and the lake
And when I pass across the line
Lay me down underneath a pine

No troubled dreams will cross my mind
Lying there underneath a pine

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